Comfort

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Comfort

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Will wakes from a bad dream to find Hannibal comforting him. Hannibal isn't quite prepared for the response.

It was a thump that woke Hannibal. A soft thud against the wall that adjoined Will's room.

And then the quieter sounds were clear. The sounds of Will having a bad dream.

Hannibal lay there, wide awake now, listening to those sounds and waiting for them to die down, for Will to calm and sleep. But he didn't. Long minutes drew out and there were more thumps, as Will was assuredly thrashing against the wall.

Hannibal found himself sitting before he'd realised it, swinging his legs from the bed. He stopped himself and clutched at the bed sheets, balling his fists in them. He shouldn't go to Will in the night, or in a fragile state. He'd been working so hard to build the man's trust.

When an anguished cry tore through the space between them, Hannibal was on his feet.

The rooms in their little Cuban apartment were small, the walls thin. It only took him a few moments to get from his room to Will's and tap lightly on the door. Hoping to rouse him gently rather than startle him awake.

When the only response was another noise of distress, Hannibal softly opened the door and looked inside. Will was twisted in his covers, a sheen of sweat coating his skin. His boxer shorts and sheets appeared damp from the way they clung to him.

And yet, as always, Will Graham was breathtakingly beautiful.

Will wore nothing but his boxer shorts and sweat. In this heat, Hannibal had taken to wearing only his pyjama pants to bed, as he was now.

When he writhed once more, Hannibal went to his side.

"You're dreaming Will," Hannibal gentled, taking a seat on the edge of the bed and placing a hand against the small of Will's back. Will flinched from the touch but didn't wake.

Instead he turned, rolling towards Hannibal, his hand landing on Hannibal's thigh and gripping his pyjama pants.

Hannibal let out a shuddering breath, trapped now.

"Will," He breathed out Will's name and let his hand fall into damp curls.

For a moment Will settled, before being gripped by the dream again, thrashing. His grip on Hannibal's leg growing tighter.

Hannibal acted on instinct then, taking hold of Will and pulling him into his arms as he lowered to the bed a little. Enough to hold Will to him, gently restraining him as Will's dream continued to torment.

"You're safe, Will. Wake up." Hannibal muttered against Will's hair as he stroked his hand up and down Will's sweaty back.

Moment by moment, Will settled and began to wake. Shaking in Hannibal's arms.

Will took gulping breaths, trying to move and look around, to get his bearings.

He clutched desperately at Hannibal.

"Hannibal?"

"Yes, Will." Hannibal replied softly, already prepared to leave, already considering the many steps backwards this had likely taken their tentative relationship.

They had been doing so well, learning to live with each other rather than *around* each other in this small space. They had started to talk and laugh together again, rekindling that friendship they had started when they had just been having conversations. There had seemed to be an

unspoken agreement that they were working towards something more. Towards what they'd had in that moment before they went over the bluff.

When Will remained silent, Hannibal started to move only to have Will clutch hold of him all the tighter.

"Don't go yet." It was a command, even if a soft one.

One that Hannibal instantly obeyed.

They remained silently, Hannibal at the slightly awkward angle that he'd been stilled at. There were a few minutes of calm breathing, as Will's head lay against his chest and he tried to even his breathing to the same pace as Hannibal's, before Will spoke.

"No one has… No one has done this for me before. Comforted me in my nightmares." Will's voice was steady, he had clearly already regained much of his composure.

Hannibal didn't want to ask the obvious, that surely his wife had comforted him? He didn't want to know the answer. He didn't want to discuss someone who had taken possession of something that was his. Will's words implied she hadn't. If she hadn't comforted him this way then perhaps that spoke of what had or hadn't been between them.

"Thank you," Will breathed the words and moved a little. Hannibal took it as a sign that he was being dismissed and started to move too, surprised when Will then settled them both into a more comfortable position.

"Don't go," Will commanded again, this time his tone more firm. Clearly a command, which softened as he continued. "Not yet, will you stay with me longer?"

Hannibal took a deep breath to steady himself, trying to ignore the pulsing in his groin at, what had been one of his most common fantasies of Will, of them simply enjoying an intimacy with each other. He took a moment to compose himself, willing himself not to harden at these thoughts and Will's closeness.

Hannibal moved then, laying himself comfortably next to Will. Side by side, they were barely touching now, until Will moved again. He rolled so that his body pressed against the length of Hannibal's his face in the crook of Hannibal's neck.

"Hannibal, I know that, maybe this isn't the best time. Maybe you'll think this is just a response to you comforting me and… even if it is, I want you to know this is something I've been thinking about for a while. A long while now…"

Will's words drifted off as his hand drifted down, starting at Hannibal's bare sternum and ghosting down over the fur of his lower stomach and to the drawstring on his silk pyjamas. Will paused there for a moment as though considering his next move.

Over or under? That was what Hannibal was sure he was thinking. He shuddered, his breathing becoming laboured, as was Will's.

Will nuzzled against his neck, running tongue and teeth over the flesh there as his hand continued. Over. Gliding over the soft material and feeling the outline of Hannibal's rapidly filling cock.

"Will." Hannibal barely choked his name out.

"You want me to stop?" Will asked, a tease in his tone now. Because surely, surely he knew that Hannibal had longed for this moment and would never want it to stop?

"No. Don't stop." Hannibal's hoarse response was met with a chuckle.

He had never imagined it would progress this way. He had thought that it would take years of their continued companionship, or Will slowly coming around to the idea of intimacy and them working up to kissing and touching and one day, perhaps more.

It felt like several steps had been skipped and it had done something only Will had ever been able to do - caught him off guard.

He hardened in Will's hand, whimpered as Will stroked him through the material, feeling the rough drag of it over sensitive and wanting flesh. He could feel Will's own arousal pressed painfully hard against his hip.

"Will you fuck me, Hannibal?" Will asked, his voice now ragged as he very slowly ground himself against Hannibal.

"Will, I…" Hannibal had no words. He had wanted this for so long, but it wasn't how he had imagined. He had assumed Will would be more comfortable penetrating him if they ever partook in penetration at all.

He had in fact started to believe that Will could be asexual and might never want to be intimate in any way. And had increasingly started to consider the future of their romantic relationship to be a sexless one.

He had not predicted that Will would make the first move, that he would want Hannibal to penetrate him. That he would change the dynamic between them in a single night.

He had not predicted Will Graham, once again.

"Have you ever been with a man before, Will?" Hannibal asked, breathless and with no little concern.

Will panted out a low laugh, "I went to college, Hannibal."

Hannibal blinked, not entirely sure of Will's meaning, but accepting it at least to mean that Hannibal was not the first man Will had been with. Something tight and vicious pulled in his chest at the thought and he wondered if he could track down and kill everyone who had ever laid a hand on Will Graham.

The thought was driven from him when Will moved, swinging himself over Hannibal and grinding down on his cock, the material of their respective clothes rucking between them.

“I want you to fuck me,” Will ground out the words as he slowly rut against Hannibal, grabbing Hannibal’s wrists and moving them above his head to pin him there.

Hannibal’s cock strained.

“I have no condoms,” Hannibal pointed out, trying not to give into Will’s desperation and let it consume him. Trying to be the one with a clear head here. Fearing that Will would wake in the morning with regret they would never be able to surmount.

Will started kissing around his collarbone and throat, up his neck and under his jaw. Licking and nipping and sucking.

“Are you clean? I’m clean, I was tested before… before my wedding. I’ve not been with anyone else since…” Will avoided the words that Hannibal was sure he didn’t want to hear but he tensed all the same.

He thought back to when he was last tested, it was when he’d been admitted to the BSHCI as standard practice. Ensuring he had no ailments they need concern themselves with. Of course, everything had come back showing his peak health.

“Yes,” Hannibal growled the word, only just keeping hold of his last thread of restraint, “I’m clean.”

“Want to feel you inside me… Fuck, Hannibal… Come inside me.” Will pleaded as soon as the words were out of Hannibal’s mouth. “Make me yours.”

The last thread of resolve was gone and Hannibal snarled as he rolled them, pinning Will under him as he groaned.

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Hannibal thought he might die.

He had a brief moment of wondering whether this beating in his chest, his shortness of breath, would actually result in a coronary.

It was all he could do not to pass out at the sight of Will naked on his hand and knees, one hand reached behind him and roughly fucking into his hole.

It was a debauched and beautiful sight.

They had kissed and explored, rough hands and mouths. Before finally Will had shoved him off of the bed and stripped. Hannibal hadn’t been expecting him to then acquire lube and start, what Hannibal could only describe as, *putting on a show.*

“Ngg, fuck me, Hannibal please.” Will groaned as he twisted his own fingers inside himself and shuddered at the pleasure.

Hannibal snapped out of his reverie and pulled the drawstring of his silk pants, pushing them down over his straining erection.

It wasn't as though he had never experienced anal sex before in his life, with men or women. But his mind was still trying to catch up to the speed Will was at. Having gone from a comfortable companionship to this in the space of an evening, was unexpected to the point of disorientation.

Part of Hannibal wondered if this were all just a hallucination and that Will had drugged him, as it seemed just as likely as this.

As one of the things he had desired most. One of the ways he had imagined Will might behave with him once they became intimate and worked up to this.

Hannibal climbed on the bed behind Will, picking up the lube bottle that had been discarded next to him.

He was so close to Will now, watching every detail of Will's slicked fingers moving in and out of his constricting hole, as he stroked lube up and down his own cock. It made a slick sound that appeared to have piqued Will's curiosity.

Will turned to look over his shoulder as he asked, "Are you cut? Fuck… I can't tell you the amount of times I've thought about your cock."

Will moved enough to catch sight of Hannibal's swollen length as he stroked up to the tip and then drew back his foreskin.

"Holy shit, that's hot." Will groaned, slowing his pumping fingers as though it were all getting a bit too much. "I've never been with someone uncut before. But I…" Will's cheeks reddened but the embarrassment seemed latent, because he continued. "When I started to think about you, I'd watch porn starring uncut guys, I figured with you being European. And fuck… If I was touching my dick right now I'd be coming all over the sheets."

He removed his fingers and braced himself completely on all fours, letting his head hang down once more as he panted.

"I want to come with you inside me. I want you to fuck me hard." Will's voice trembled but it didn't detract from the command.

Hannibal tried to sound more composed than he actually was, though he was pretty undone by Will's dirty talk and only wanted to encourage it all the more.

"What else do you want me to do, Will?" He asked gently as he moved forward and slapped his cock against Will's hole. He watched it flutter as Will groaned. "I find myself rarely able to deny you anything."

Will grunted and went down to his elbows, his ass ready and waiting.

"Fuck, I want… I really like watching porn where the guy creams the other guy's ass. I want you to fuck me so hard I'll feel you for days." Will spoke the words assuredly, only muffled slightly where his head was pillowed on his arms. "When you're about to come I want you to pull back so that just the head of your cock is inside me, then jerk yourself until you come. I

want to feel it dripping out of me before you've even had a chance to ride out your climax and pull out."

Hannibal's composure was admittedly shaken by the words, and he let out a shuddering breath. He stopped tapping against Will's rim and gripped himself tight in order to stave off his threatening orgasm.

He breathed heavily for a few moments before pressing against Will once more.

Will moaned and Hannibal saw movement below, Will moving his hand to his own cock to slowly stroke it.

Hannibal had a momentary flashback to his surgeon days. To remaining disconnected enough from the proceedings in order to do the task at hand. Right now, he needed to ignore how unfathomably turned on he was by everything Will was saying and doing, in order to do as Will wished and not come the moment he entered him. Which, right then, felt like a real possibility.

He rested a hand on the base of Will's back, feeling the clammy flesh below, and used the other to hold himself against Will as he pushed forward.

They moaned in unison as he breached.

Will was tight but slick, and relaxed enough that there was very little resistance. Hannibal had imagined that had Will ever let him do this, he would be tense and unyielding. The opposite was quite true, and he luxuriated in the feeling of the warm, tight channel around him.

Hannibal was about midway when he paused for just a moment, planning to ease back a little, to start pumping into Will gently, before pressing himself deeper. But Will had other plans, with a grunt Will pushed back, taking Hannibal to the hilt before Hannibal could stop him.

Hannibal let out a cry from deep inside his chest and fell over Will, bracing himself with hands either side of Will as he tried to adjust to the new depth. Will was writhing and groaning, jerking himself a little faster, whilst Hannibal tried to compose himself enough not to come.

"Are you so insatiable, mylimasis?" Hannibal panted the words near Will's ear.

Will let out a breathless chuckle that resulted in his body gripping Hannibal all the tighter and making his eyes roll.

"For you? Yeah. I don't… I don't even care if it's over in two minutes. We've got all the time in the world, I just want you to come inside me right now. I need it."

The tone was commanding rather than needy, despite Will's words, and Hannibal grunted his response.

"You want me deep? Hard?" Hannibal asked as he righted himself, getting back to his knees and taking hold of Will's hips with tight fingers.

Will groaned, “Fuck, yes. Yes.”

Hannibal didn’t hesitate to start fucking into Will. He took a breath.

He knew he wasn’t going to last long, and whilst he wished that they could make this last forever, he knew that their first time together in this way would always be a perfect memory for him.

Will started to mutter words that Hannibal couldn’t quite hear, but most sounded like orders for Hannibal to keep going, harder, faster, deeper, as he pounded into Will.

Will’s hand on his own cock was now setting a matching pace. Hannibal tried not to think about that, nor about his own desire to one day have Will come untouched whilst he was inside him. Instead he doubled his efforts, slamming his hips forward so that the room was filled with the echoes of their flesh slapping together.

“Oh yes, fuck Hannibal that’s it. I’m so close…” Will moved his head from his arms, raising a little to speak, his back arching to allow it.

And Hannibal could feel it in his body. The way Will was going tense and pliant at the same time, teetering on the edge of something quite magnificent.

Having held on for a very long time already, as far as his testes were concerned, Hannibal slammed in twice more, before pulling out. He slowly slipped in and out of Will a few more times, no more than half of his cock sinking back in, teasing his head around Will’s sensitive rim until Will was letting out one continuous groan of varying pitch.

Feeling his balls start to tighten, Hannibal did as Will had requested, pulling out until only the tip of his cock remained.

He took a steadying breath before wrapping two fingers around his wet length and starting to pump it hard.

“Yes, Hannibal, Yes… Come inside me.” Will was sobbing and both their fists were now working ever faster.

Hannibal came.

It was sudden, and the sight only made his climax all the more intense. Just the head of his cock in Will’s hole, he could see the rest of his member throb as he spilled.

A moment later, whilst Hannibal was still coming, Will’s climax hit.

Hannibal had no choice but to sink a fraction further in order to avoid being pushed out by the contractions. Not that this stopped his come being pushed back out by Will’s muscles. They both groaned. Hannibal at the sight and Will at the sensation, as every rope of come Hannibal released inside him was being pushed back out and sliding down over Will’s balls in thick globules.

It was something Hannibal had never considered before, but the reality of it before him was something both mesmerising and erotic beyond anything he'd imagined.

They both continued to ride out their climaxes, and as their bodies started to wind down from the release, Hannibal pushed himself all the way back inside Will. Although that pushed some of the come deeper too, it also expelled more and he could feel it wet against him where their flesh once more met.

Will groaned at the sensation and collapsed onto the bed. Hannibal went down with him, laying over Will's back with his softening cock still buried inside him.

They breathed together, trying to catch their breaths, though Hannibal knew his body weight was likely restricting Will's. Even so, as he went to move off of him, Will's hand reached around and took as tight a grasp as manageable of Hannibal's ass cheek.

"No." Will commanded. "Not until I tell you."

Hannibal stifled a groan and rested his forehead between Will's shoulder blades.

"I knew that one day, either way, you would be the death of me." Hannibal muttered against sweaty skin.

Will chuckled, making Hannibal wince with oversensitivity.

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Hannibal lay his head on the sweat sheened flesh of Will's chest and sighed as Will's fingers played through his hair.

He felt the rumble in Will's chest as he began to softly speak now that they had disentangled, cleaned up a little and returned to a more comfortable position.

"You hear about people trying to live a normal life. White picket fence and everything, whether as an attempt to really live that way or as a cover to hide behind." Will shook his head. "I guess that was me and Molly, we were both trying to play at being normal. It was a fantasy where she had a perfect family again after the death of her previous husband, and where I could pretend I was something I wasn't. With my house and dogs and ready made family." Will scoffed at himself and Hannibal felt him shake his head. "We liked each other fine, got on well. But it was nothing more than a marriage of convenience for both of us. And any situation that called for deeper emotions and support… We didn't have it in us. I couldn't comfort her the days she spent crying after finding some of her husband's clothes in the attic, she couldn't comfort me when I… We just didn't have it in us."

Will fell silent then and Hannibal felt the tearing of his heart, brimming with the conflict emotions of anger that Will had never had this comfort before, and righteous vindication that his wife could never have meant as much to him as Hannibal did.

"I want to comfort you, Will." He admitted with no shame.

He could hear the smile in Will's voice. "I know. And I want to let you."

Will let out a soft sigh and Hannibal couldn't help picture the last remnants of his seed leaking out of Will as they spoke, a visceral sign of their coupling, of this new stage in their relationship.

"You've surprised me, I wasn't sure you'd ever want to be intimate like this." Hannibal admitted.

Will let out a light chuckle, "Hilariously, you're the only person I've had to fight myself on. I tried to resist, didn't want to give in to you. I knew you wanted me, I wanted you, but I needed something more from you, but I wasn't sure what it was. And tonight you gave me it."

Hannibal hummed and nuzzled against Will's throat, enjoying the vibration of his words against his lips.

"I thought for a long time that I didn't feel sexual attraction. I often went through the motions. Sure, I enjoy climaxing, but never really felt the need for another person to be there for that. I experimented a lot at college, but didn't get any answers. It took me a while, I guess well into my thirties, to realise that for me to really feel sexual attraction, I had to already *feel* something for the person. A connection."

Hannibal pulled back to look at Will, taking in everything he was saying.

Will turned and gave him his full attention, it was almost too much. Hannibal struggled not to look away, captured in Will's gaze. One rarely bestowed.

"Twice I've felt sexual attraction. The girl I fancied myself in love with and lost my virginity to in high school before my dad moved us again and broke my seventeen year old heart," Will chuckled, and then raised a hand to cup Hannibal's face. "And you, Hannibal. I've wanted you for so long it terrified me. Don't you… Can you see how difficult that was for me? Through everything you did? Through everything we did to each other? And yet as we sat there talking, having our *conversations* I felt sexually attracted to you and I had no idea what to do with that."

He pulled Hannibal back to him, kissing him deeply before letting Hannibal settle at his side again.

"I looked it up. Apparently it's a thing. Demisexual, if you want to label it. And I guess knowing that helped me come to terms with who I was and how I felt. And why. Why I felt what I did for you. I was sexually attracted to you before I even realised I'd started to fall in love with you. Denial is a powerful thing." Will chuckled again.

Hannibal wanted to laugh but instead a sob choked from his throat at Will's confession.

Will pulled Hannibal closer and pressed a kiss into his hair.

"You're overwhelmed," It came out as a light chuckle, "I can relate."

Hannibal took a deep breath and settled himself, clinging to Will and not wanting to let him go.

His voice cracked when he finally replied, “I love you too, mylimasis.”

Will slipped his fingers under Hannibal’s jaw and guided his face up as he moved down, taking his lips in a soft, loving kiss. Hannibal closed his eyes and savoured the knowledge that it would be the first of many in this new phase of their relationship.

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